

MUTRIX CORP. VOL.

PRESENTS

2

# CAT FIGHT





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The eye that Paula, the Countess' maid, had blackened for her, in the boxing match that the Countess had forced the two women into, for the entertainment of her two guests, Giselle and Kay, had now completely closed. Even if it hadn't and even were she not blindfolded, she still could not see in the pitch black darkness of the dungeon.

The soreness in her breast, that Paula's nails had cruelly lacerated up to the nipple, was now growing more painful. It is true that she had ultimately managed to flatten Paula, in that wild sports event, promoted in the foreboding isolation of the castle on the remote outskirts of the German town of Barth, but her reward for winning was worse than the penalty for losing suffered by Paula. Certainly, Paula did not enjoy being packed away in a rubber bag, bound and gagged, for her evening rest. But it was worse, to be crucified, blindfolded and gagged, in the depths of a dungeon, where her only perception was the scampering of mice about her and an intuitive awareness of the presence of spiders and other insects, that had her tense and shuddering.

Her last awareness of the Countess was when she playfully fondled the mounds of her breasts and slipped a finger into the wet slit of her cunt. But when the finger was withdrawn, she could hear the fading footsteps of high heels and then, silence. She was alone with nothing but mice, spiders and in-

sects to keep her company.

Carol and she had fallen into the clutches of a mad sadist - the Countess De'Ath - whose maid, Paula, and guests, Giselle and Kay, were not much better. What Andrea feared most was that she and Carol would never get out of their predicament alive. Just as the Countess had had no compunctions against sinking their Volkswagon in the nearby lake, she knew that she would not hesitate to do the same to them, on the barest of whims.

She now began to recall the frightful forebodings of Carol, as they trudged through the snow packed roadway, toward the castle. Instead of heeding the passive girl's intuition, she punished her, by tying her to a tree, pulling down her panties and thrashing her buttocks, until the poor girl could hardly sit. If Carol, like Cassandra had been gifted by the Gods with power of prophecy, like the Trojan heroine, she, too, was doomed, not to be believed. How ashamed she now felt for doubting her sweet and pretty Carol! She was now paying the price for her skepticism and cruelty. What was worse, so was her beloved Carol, whom the Countess had delivered to Giselle and Kay, to use as a plaything, as her punishment, after Kay had thoroughly thrashed her in the second match of the evening. Although Andrea had proved tough enough to vanquish her opponent, it was to be expected that Carol would burst into tears and prove

no match for Kay. Although Kay, too, was passive - the playmate of the dominant Giselle, just as Carol was hers - she, nevertheless, figured to be far more the aggressor than Carol, always the lady, and so, the contest had turned out exactly as Andrea had feared it would. What was most frustrating was that the Countess had put Andrea back in her cage and and forced her to helplessly watch her sweetheart knocked cold by Kay, without any opportunity to come to her rescue. Andrea's plight was the worse, as she wondered what tortures Giselle and Kay were putting her beloved through.

What Andrea did not know, of course, was that Giselle had abandoned Carol into the hands of Kay, while she had sought out the bedroom of the Countess. Kay did not know that that was her destination when she excused herself from the party. Kay knew that the Countess could never be dominated in a lesbian relationship. Giselle did not want her lover to know that she wanted the Countess so badly, that she was willing to play the passive role. This left Carol, exclusively for Kay to enjoy.

Carol remembered the promise that this evening, she was going to be introduced to fetichism. She did not understand what that meant, but from the terrorizing things that had happened to her and her friend since their arrival at the castle, she was frightened sick. Nor was her fear alleviated by her



having been accustomed to sex with another woman. She had frankly admitted to the Countess that she was a lesbian and had lived together with Andrea in London. The two girls had loved each other so much, that they had even taken their vacations together, here in Germany. Of course, what had befallen them, was far more than they had bargained for. Little did they suspect that when the Countess had picked them up walking along the snow covered road and drove them to her castle, offering them its hospitality, that she would drug their drinks, and they would awaken, each nude, in a cage, hanging from the ceiling, which was too low for them to even stand. Nor did they suspect that they would be forced to be principals in a boxing card of cat fights. If the Countess would throw Paula, her own maid, into a rubber bag, bound and gagged, to spend the night in that dismal state, what mercy would she and her friends have for Carol and Giselle?

Carol was particularly frightened of Kay. After she had bloodied her adversary's nose, in that second bout, Kay proceeded to administer her a frightful beating, ending with a haymaker punch, that had knocked her out. She knew what Kay could do to her. She had experienced it. Therefore, she did not dare to defy her. Moreover, the naked Kay, lying beside her, naked as well, was fabulously beautiful and Carol would be lying to herself, if she denied that she was physically attracted to her.

Kay, also, was frightened, but not in anticipation of the immediate events. It was the next day's that disturbed her. The program called for a no holds barred bout between the winners of the first two contests. This meant that she would have to eat fight with Giselle, whom she knew could tear her apart, and would be all the more eager to do so, after seeing what Kay had done to Carol. Add to that, the jealousy of Giselle that had plenty opportunity to brew, with her awareness that Carol was spending the night with Kay. However, Kay resigned herself to what would be the next day. This evening, she would take advantage of the entertainment that the Countess had so graciously provided for her and that Giselle had abandoned, to allow her to exclusively enjoy.

Kay was completely relaxed. She lit up a cigarette and began chatting with Carol. "You really surprised me in the first round of our bout today," she said. "I was quite surprised how enraged you became, when I began to slap at your titties. Had you followed up the bloody nose that you gave me, you might have won the fight."

Carol began to relax, also. She smiled, "I surprised myself, probably more than you. After I punched you, and saw the blood squirt from your nose, I became so terrified, I just was paralyzed. I couldn't do a thing."

"I guess what made you so angry was that I was paying with them, infront of your lover,



Giselle," said Kay.

"I guess that's true," answered Carol. "I know that she does not want any other lesbian to touch me. Maybe, I was afraid of what she would do to me when she got me alone, if I did not put up some resistance."

"Would you become enraged again, if I played with your titties now, that Giselle is not here?" asked Kay.

Carol became flustered and began to stammer. "I don't know - I guess not. I-I just-just couldn't say." She turned her face toward Kay, flirtaciously, awaiting her next move. But what it was, she had not, in her wildest imagination, expected, as she screamed in agony, so loud, that the sound reached not only the Countess and Giselle, in the midst of their play, drawing smiles from them, but Andrea, as well in the dungeon, although ever so faintly. Nevertheless, she knew it was that of her lover, and the anger within her mounted.

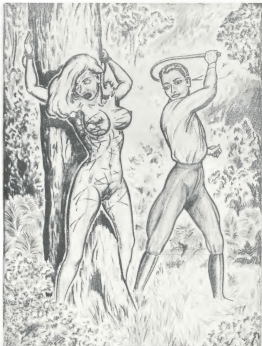
Kay had pressed her lit cigarette into the soft, fair flesh of Carol's lovely breast, as the tears popped into the girl's eyes and rolled down her cheeks, as she vainly struggled with Kay's wrist to try to get her hand away and kept screaming at the same time. "You said that you might not be angry if I played with your titties now - and see - you are," grinned Kay.

Carol screamed, "Stop, you are killing me, you crazy lunatic," still struggling to remove Kay's hand, as she felt herself growing faint with pain. But, finally, with a titanic lunge of effort, she managed to twist Kay's hand, so far to the right, that she not only dropped the cigarette, but went flying off the bed. Carol was atop her like a cat. She grabbed her by the hair, and began dragging her across the room back and forth, as Kay tried to protect herself by grabbing her own hair close to the scalp, to try to keep it from all being pulled out by the roots.

Now, it was Kay's turn to scream. "Stop, you crazy bitch. You are tearing all of my hair out of my head!" But, there was nothing Kay could do, but scream and beg. Carol had grabbed her hair from behind and was dragging the girl along on her buttocks, making it impossible for her to recover her balance.

"You want me to stop," screamed Carol. "Sure, I'll stop pulling your hair." With that, she let go and quick as a cat, whirled the hapless girl around and kicked her square in the face, with the heel of her foot, again drawing a gusher of blood from her nostrils, just as she had that afternoon. "You may have been top pussy in our little match this afternoon, but that does not mean you've got what it takes to win a rematch."

Kay now began to sob. "Please, Carol,



no more. Get me a towel. I think you broke my nose this time. Anyway, it feels like it," she moaned.

Carol ignored her request. "Get your own towel, bitch," she screamed. "Look what you did to my tittle," she continued, "Pointing to the raw, red burn an inch or so above her nipple."

"I'm sorry," moaned Kay, as she tried to pull herself to her feet, only to again meet with Carol's heel, this time dead in the mouth, that sent her sprawling on her back and again screaming, as a new source of blood slowly trickled down her chin. She inspected her teeth with her tongue, to make sure none of them had been knocked out, the force of Carol's kick having been so powerful. "Please, Carol, no more," begged Kay. "You are the one that is going to kill me, if you continue. I'll do anything you want, Carol - anything. But please, no more."

Carol was now confident that she had, at last, obtained full mastery over Kay, and therefore, did not fear, that she would lose it, if she permitted the girl to get on her feet. "Okay, bitch. You can go clean up, now. I think you've learned your lesson."

She stepped aside, as Kay, at first apprehensive, drew herself to her feet. She dashed into the bathroom sobbing, where she turned the cold water faucet, drenched a towel and put it up to her nose and mouth,

that felt as though they had been ground into a pile of gravel. In a few minutes, she came out of the bathroom, still dousing her face with the wet towel. Her lip was swollen and her nose already black and blue, but the alignment of her bone was the same as before, so that she had not suffered a fracture, despite her fears. But now, she had something else to fear. It was what was lying on the bed beside Carol, who was now dressed in leather boots and a leather half bra, that lifted her breasts high, that were overflowing over the garment. She wore no panties, being naked from the waist, down to her boots. On the bed were chains, a leather whip and leather straps. "I found these little play things while you were in the bathroom. I thought it would be a shame not to use them, so I put them on. It's lucky you and I are about the same size." She then picked up the chains, the whip and the straps. "We won't waste these, either. I gather that you had intended to use them on me. Well, that won't do, would it?" she smiled.

Kay looked at her aggressively for a moment, wondering whether she ought to try again to gain the upper hand, as she had earlier in the day. However, suddenly, she felt her courage abandon her, and did not dare make the attempt. She was afraid, that this time, the passive Carol having turned wildcat, might literally kill her. She resigned herself to her fate. She had planned to give Carol a lesson in fetichism, but never



considered that the lesson plan might be so dramatically changed with a realignment of teacher-student roles. Anger had made Carol bold and proved to be the catalyst to convert her usual passive personality.

"Come here this moment," Carol beckoned to Kay with her finger, in a gesture that commanded obedience. Again, Kay hesitated for a moment, contemplating making a move to turn the tables, but again, she thought the better of it and slowly walked toward Carol. The moment of hesitation followed by obedience was a triumph for Carol, who smiled victoriously at her playmate. When she came within reaching distance, Carol suddenly seized her wrists and tied them behind her, as Kay vainly struggled, pleading, "Please don't."

Carol lead her to a chair and tied each ankle to a leg of it and then tied her to the back of it, by leather bands around her waist and below and above her breasts, while her wrists remained tied behind her. Now, she picked up the strap, lying on the bed, to administer a thrashing to Kay's nude body, when Kay suddenly discovered a way to appeal to Carol's fears. "You know that tomorrow, I have to fight your friend Andrea. Can you realize what the Countess and Giselle will do to you, if they see whipping bruises on my body, when I remove my clothes for the match? I don't think you ought to use that thing," she smiled.





Carol thought for a moment, before answering. "Perhaps, you have a point," she said, as she walked over to the bed and dropped the whip at the side of it. Then, she got in under the covers, between the soft satin sheets, drawing them up to her chin, and smiling at her prisoner. "Good night, my sweet," she said. "It's time for our beauty sleep."

"Aren't you going to untie me?" asked Kay, somewhat relieved that Carol had changed her mind about using the whip on her.

"Not at all," Carol answered. "I would not want you to be too rested for tomorrow. I am quite certain that Andrea is no more comfortable than you, in that cage the Countess has so graciously provided for her. A restful night would give you too much the advantage tomorrow, and that would not be fair."

Now, it was Kay's turn to scoff and banter. "I'm quite certain that your friend is not sleeping in her cage this evening. The Countess has more imagination than to have to resort to the same torture two nights in a row."

"What do you mean?" asked Carol, somewhat alarmed.

"If I know the Countess, she has provided a special bedroom for Andrea - in the dungeon of the castle, where she is undoubtedly tied

to some overhead beam, from which she is hanging at this very moment," answered Kay.

"How horrible!" exclaimed Carol, remembering her fears when they first saw Castle De'Ath, that it was provided with all of the story book dungeons associated with such eerie structures. "Poor Andrea," she sighed, "All alone in a dark, damp, dreary dungeon. Oh, when will the Countess let us go?"

"I don't even know if she will let you go, let alone when," mocked Kay. "But you don't have to worry about your friend being alone. I can assure you that where she is, she will have loads of company - mice, spiders, insects."

Carol gasped in horror. "The Countess is a beast," she exclaimed, "Just like all of you!" She jumped out of bed, grabbed Kay's panties that were lying on the floor, rolled them up into a ball and stuffed them into the mouth of the struggling girl. She then secured it with a leather band, as she said, "That will keep you quiet, while I try to find Andrea and get her out of that dungeon. She then went into Kay's closet, where she grabbed a pair of dungarees and a shirt that she slipped on and then got into a pair of moccasins. "I'm sure you won't mind my borrowing these for a while," she said, as she left the room, and began tiptoeing through the dark, high ceilinged



Medieval corridors of the ancient castle. She managed to make her way to the stone stepped staircase and started on her journey to the bottom of the structure to try to locate and rescue her friend. She could hear the wind outside howling against the building and the creaking of her steps, despite her caution, filled her with terror. For a moment, she was filled with regret that they had chosen Germany for their vacation, which was all of Andrea's idea, after she had vetoed her suggestion of Paris. But there was no time for regrets now. She had a mission to carry out.

## CHAPTER TWO

Carol wandered aimlessly through the maze of chambers in the subterranean level of the castle. She could hear the faint sound of underground water flowing somewhere down there, and so, had to be particularly cautious, lest she suddenly find herself floundering in a river. What made her itinery particularly difficult was the pitch black darkness. Every now and then, she would draw back in horror, as she would come in contact with a spider web or feel the breeze of a mouse racing across the floor. Her eyes were filled with tears from the frustration of trying to locate her friend in a place, where it was impossible to see. By now, she knew the Countess well enough, that if she bound Andrea, she would gag her as well, so it would serve no purpose for her to call out for her. Carol had no choice, than to cover each room, inch by inch, and hope that she would be successful. Nor did she have any way of knowing whether she was moving about in circles. If she were, there was nothing she could do about it. If Andrea were down here, she had to get her out and would not give up her search, until she were absolutely certain that she was not there.

She was becoming exhausted, not only



from the physical effort, but from the tension, as well. She knew that danger lurked in every corner of De'Ath Castle, and could expect almost anything to there happen. Moreover, the events of the day were also taking their toll on her strength. Her captivity in a cage and both of her bouts with Kay had taken their toll in sapping her strength. Her thoughts returned to the lovely apartment she shared with Andrea in London and the gratification that the end of the day would bring, when the two girls would go to sleep wrapped in each other's arms. How the sweet pleasures of that former life, now so far past, contrasted with terrible predicament into which they had fallen, where they had become little more than toys to amuse the sadistic instincts of the Countess and her companions. But she shook off her thoughts, as she diligently continued along her search.

More than an hour had past, when she was backing out of a room, when suddenly she stumbled into a suspended body. At first, she thought it was a corpse and gasped in horror. This room was particularly dark, as though it had been envelopped by a fog of India ink. She cautiously reached to touch the body. It was clothed in a rubber latex dress of some sort.

She grew more bold and ran her hands up it. It was soft and tender, like the body of a woman. She could feel the high, full youthful breasts, and breathed a sigh of relief. She knew it was Andrea.

She groped about, until she found the band that held the gag in her friend's mouth, which she quickly removed - both band and panties. "Oh! Thank God you came!" the grateful Andrea exclaimed, aware that it was Carol, even though she could not see her. "Please get the blindfold off first."

"I will," Carol answered, enthusiastically, delighted that she had found and had opportunity to rescue her friend. She gently removed the blindfold.

But Andrea merely groaned pathetically "Carol! I'm blind! I can't see a thing! I heard that such things happen when a blindfold is kept on too long."

"You are not blind, so calm down," Carol answered. "It is so dark in here that I cannot see anything, either." She now set out to unfasten her friend's wrists and to remove the straps above her breasts and at her waist, that bound her to the pipe behind. "I guess that will do it," Carol said, with a tone of achievement.

"Not quite," sighed Andrea. "There are chains on my ankles, that are linked together. Unless we can remove them, I will not be able to walk. So, it looks like all of your work is in vain."

"Not at all," retorted Carol, with a laugh in her voice. "I think I found the key."



"Here in the dark?" asked Andrea, with unbelief in her voice.

"Sure, why not?" bantered Carol. "Here it is, as a matter of fact," she continued, thrusting something round and hard into her friend's hand.

"But, this is only a rock," said Andrea. "This is no time to joke."

"This is no joke," replied Carol. "If we can break one link, you will be able to walk. With the chain bracelets remaining on your ankle, you will look like a harem girl."

"You are marvelous," smiled Andrea. "I promise never to again refer to you as a scatterbrain."

"That's a promise you will never keep, but it is nice to hear you make it," Carol answered, as she centered the chain that linked together the bracelets on Andrea's ankles on a flat rock and then used another rock to hammer away at the link. In about ten minutes, it broke. Andrea was again able to walk, although the broken pieces of chain dragged behind her and made noise as they scraped along the ground.

Andrea found that she could see a little. Then, she peed about, a few steps in either direction, to shake the pain out of her ankles. Then, she turned to her rescuer. "How do we get out of here, Carol?" she



asked.

"I don't know," Carol answered.  
"Frankly, I don't even know how I even managed to find you. Believe me, it was a mere stroke of luck. It is so dark here, that I had to grope my way through the chambers or caverns or whatever you call them. Unless I was going around in circles, there must be dozens of them. We'll have to work at escaping in the same manner, hit or miss. These caverns must lead somewhere to the outside and if we keep experimenting, we are bound to find a way."

"How did you find out I was here?" asked Giselle. "And how did you manage to elude the Countess to go looking for me?"

"Frankly, it is not the Countess from whom I escaped, but that pin brain, Kay. The Countess turned me over to Giselle and Kay, for them to give me a lesson in fetishism, whatever that might be. Apparently, I did not particularly excite Giselle. She left us. Once Kay and I were alone, Kay thought she could start where she had ended earlier in the day. She took her lit cigarette and jabbed it into my tit. . . ."

Andrea broke in, in anger. "The Bitch! Wait until tomorrow, when I get my hands on her, in the next match. She will pay for that."

"She has already paid, with a bloody nose and a fat lip. Right now, she's gagged



and tied to a chair in her room, so that she cannot alert the Countess to my escape. Whatever lesson she had in mind about giving me, boomeranged on her," Carol coyly smiled

"I am quite proud of you," said Andres, as she took Carol lovingly in her arms and began to gently stroke her hair. She then pressed her lips against Carol's, as Carol warmly responded.

"You cannot imagine how worried I was about you," whispered Carol.

Suddenly, the two girls clung to each other, in terror. A spotlight had fallen upon them, out of which they could see a thing, but they could hear a throaty woman's laugh at the other end of the chamber, echoing over and over, as it seemed to bounce from wall to wall, like a rubber ball. "How very touching!" the voice said, after the laugh had ceased, which, too, echoed some half dozen times. It belonged, unmistakably, to the Countess. Then, the echo picked up the slashing of a whip lash, that sounded as though it was picked off the sound track of a chariot race, as, it, too, went through the process of the echo chamber.

The blinding spotlight disappeared and once more, they were envelopped in inky darkness, that was now only broken by the sound of boots coming toward them. In an instant, the right arm of each girl was twisted behind her. The Countess held

Andrea in her power, as did Giselle, Carol, whose newly discovered courage suddenly abandoned her, and she began to sob. Under propulsion of their captors, the two girls began to reluctantly move, directed by the agony of an arm twist, that acted as a directional rudder.

"I can assure you, that the two of you will be severely punished for this defiance," the Countess warned, in her deep voice, all the more sinister, by her guttural accent.

"And especially you," said Giselle to her prisoner, Carol, "For what you did to Kay this evening."

"If you dare hurt her, I'll rip up your pussy, when I get my hands on you," threatened ~~Andrea~~, whose anger surmounted her danger, by the threat to Carol.

"Perhaps, you will get your chance to carry out your boast," laughed the Countess. "If you manage to get past Kay, we will let you fight Giselle." She then yanked up on Andrea's wrist, drawing a wince of pain from the girl. "Meanwhile, you will keep your mouth shut and not talk, unless spoken to, unless you wish me to twist your arm out of its socket."

They made their way through the dark corridors of the subterranean passage ways, until they came upon a winding stone staircase that lead them upstairs.

Giselle lead Carol away to Kay's room, again to the threatening scream of Andrea. "I warn you - if you hurt her, you will answer to me." But her threat only drew a laugh from Giselle and a reapplication of painful pressure to her wrist by the Countess.

The Countess shoved her prisoner into her room, that she went flying across, landing on the luxurious over sized canopy bed in the middle of it. She saw the Countess walk toward her, carrying a whip in her hand, like a riding crop. She laid the whip down, as she pulled the rubber latex dress off Andrea, who struggled vainly, with all of her might.

But at the split second that the Countess turned aside to put down the garment, Andrea leaped for the whip beside her, and the blonde naked girl backed up against the wall, brandishing her weapon. "If you come near me, I'll slash your cunt off," she threatened.

"Hand me that whip," the Countess ordered, in a calm, but menacing voice.

"You will have to come and take it from me," retorted Andrea, as she slashed a warning blow on the stone floor of the chamber.

"This is your last warning. Hand me that whip," responded the Countess, as she





slowly moved toward her revolting prisoner.

"Get back, I warn you," replied Andrea, to the tall and undaunted woman, who kept moving in at her. Suddenly, the whip went slashing through the air, envelopping the chest of the Countess. When Andrea pulled back at it for her next blow, she could see that the silk blouse of the Countess had been torn from side to side, freeing her big, shapely breasts that were bare beneath the silk garment, and that had no need to be held up by a bra.

As though the lash had not even been felt by her, the Countess kept slowly walking toward Andrea, backed up against the wall, with a potent weapon in her hand, but which did not seem to daunt her pursuer. "Hand over the whip," ordered the Countess, whose voice did not reflect the slightest impression from the blow that Andrea had tossed at her.

Andrea managed to get off another slash of the whip, which this time, almost stripped the Countess of the remains of her silk blouse and what remained of it, around her waist, was stained by the trickle of blood, dripping down from her lacerated right breast.

But, that was the last blow that Andrea managed to get off. The Countess grabbed her wrist and twisted it, until the girl had dropped the whip and was on her knees, from the momentum of the pressure applied.

The Countess now seized her by her long blonde hair and dragged her across the room, to the canopy bed, seemingly unconcerned with the wounds that Andrea had managed to inflict upon her before being overpowered. "Well, my little wildcat," the Countess laughed, "You need training and a cage and I promise you that you will receive both."

She then turned back and picked up the whip, returning with it in hand, to the cowering figure of Andrea at the foot of the bed, trembling in the presence of this woman of steel, who seemed to know no pain.

The whip came slashing down across the patch of yellow pubic hair of Andrea and then across her breasts that were rapidly palpitating in chorus with her fast panic breathing, that accelerated with each blow. She screamed in agony, as the whip continued to alternatively fall upon the two areas, until they were raw with contusion marks. But her painful protests for mercy made no impression upon the Countess, who rhythmically kept up the punishment, the slashing of the whip, harmonizing with the poor girl's screams.

Finally, Andrea fainted from the pain, that had crossed beyond the line of her endurance. In that way, nature proved to be a kind and merciful deliverer. When she awakened, hours later, she found herself again imprisoned in the same cage where she had spent her first night in Castle

De'ath. Again, she was stark naked in the cage, suspended from the ceiling that was high enough only to allow for her to crouch and look out upon the room, like a beast imprisoned for the amusement of the spectators at a circus.

Meanwhile, Carol was back in the clutches of the two guests of the Countess, Giselle and Kay. About an hour after Carol had tied and gagged Kay, the Countess and Giselle had entered the room, much to the bound girl's relief. They had spent an enjoyable evening, delighting themselves with each other and had decided upon a nocturnal walk to find out how Kay was faring with Carol. Of course, what they discovered was quite surprising, never expecting the docile Carol to have it in her to display the sustained violence that must have been necessary to so overpower Kay. They released their friend and then went off looking for Carol, certain that she had gone in search of her own lesbian lover, Andrea.

While gone, Kay had applied ice packs to her swollen lip and nose, that were now stinging with the aftermath of the blows that Carol had dealt her. By the time Giselle entered the room, with Carol pushed by her through the pressure still being applied to her wrist, Kay was seated in an arm chair, leafing through the pages of a magazine. She had not bothered to put on any clothes. When the two girls arrived, she tossed aside her magazine and walked

to meet them. She stood before Carol, who was still in the grip of Giselle. Her hands slowly came up to her hips. Suddenly, she slapped Carol across the face, the air ringing with the impact of the blow.

"Watch out," Giselle laughed. "I might release her and let her loose at you."

"You would not do that, darling, would you?" Kay flirtatiously asked her lover.

"You know I wouldn't, so slap her all you want," Giselle smiled. The invitation drew a wince from Carol, as though she expected Kay to accept it and turn on her with unmerciful fury. However, she would soon learn, that she was not going to get off that easily.

"I think that we should not waste time with childish retaliatory blows," Kay answered. "After all, we did bring her here for a lesson in fetishism, that it is high time we got on with. With that, both girls seized the frightened Carol and removed her shirt and dungarees, so that she was once again naked. They dragged her to the bed, where they strapped her wrists and ankles to the four corners, spread eagle style. They then tied her to the bed, with bands above and below her breasts and across her waist.

Then, the two girls stepped out of the room. Carol lay there in terror, almost



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speechless from fright. The pain of the cigarette burn to her breast was growing more acute again. She knew she would die, if they ever did anything like that to her again.

All of a sudden, she could hear screams in the distance. The sounds were wild and garbled. Nevertheless, she sensed that they came from Andrea, whom she knew was now in the sadistic clutches of the Countess De'Ath. The sound of the screams was the last straw. She could hold back no more. When Giselle and Kay returned to the room, they found the trussed up Carol sobbing pathetically.

Giselle and Kay were both undressed and dressed alike. Each girl was naked. Each wore, however, black, thigh high leather boots and a thick black leather belt, with a gold buckle and criss cross bandalero straps. Each carried a whip and positioned herself at each side of the bed.

"Please let me go," Carol pleaded through her tears. "Haven't you done enough to us already?"

"Can you imagine that?" Giselle said to Carol, "This wench does not appreciate the Countess' hospitality."

"I think she is in need of a lesson in manners," said Kay.

"Oh, please," begged Carol, "No more torture.

Why are you doing this to us? I just heard Andrea screaming. What is the Countess doing to her? It sounds like she is killing her."

"Maybe, she is," smiled Giselle. "But enough of this idle chatter. We have work to do." She then turned to Kay and nodded her head.

That was the signal. The two of them began to alternately whip away on the bare breasts and pubic area of Carol, who screamed with each blow, that tore away at her ripped and bruised flesh. "Please stop it," she pleaded. "You are killing me. Please! Please! No more."

Quite suddenly, the girls heeded her entreaties and stopped dealing out the punishment that had lasted a full ten minutes. They sat beside the crying girl, whose eyes were so filled with tears, that she could not even see. Kay began to caress and fondle her sore breasts, as she spoke, while she did so. "There now, doesn't this feel better?"

While Kay was playing with her breasts, Giselle poked a finger into her cunt, searching out the depths of the warm, wet cavern.

Carol squirmed under the ministrations of the two girls, welcoming their affection no more than their brutality. "Why don't you please stop and let us go?" she sobbed.

"Can you imagine that?" Giselle said to Kay. "We stop the whipping and she does not even appreciate it. It must be that she is a masochist and enjoys it. So, I think that we wought to begin over again."

"Yes," answered Kay. "After all, she is our guest and we do owe her the duty of pleasing her."

"No, please! Don't! I couldn't stand the whip any more. I'll die. I know it. Please! I'll do anything you want, but no more whipping!" Carol pleaded.

It was too late. Her offer of subservience was too belatedly tendered. The two leather clad executioners resumed their whipping efforts. They struck at the hapless girl in unison, as she interspersed her screams with pleas. "Stop! Stop!" she kept crying. "You are killing me." Her breasts and cunt were aflame from the reign of whip blows that seemed they would never stop. She screamed until she was hoarse and no sound would come out. And then, finally, just as Andrea had, she fainted from the pain. Only then did the harmony of blows cease.

Giselle and Kay untied the unconscious figure. Then, they carried her out to the unoccupied cage, beside the one in which the still unconscious form of Andrea was lying. They pushed Carol into the cage reserved for her, and pushed the lever that raised it toward the ceiling.





Giselle slipped an arm around Kay, and escorted her back to their room. "You are going to have quite a day tomorrow when you fight that wildcat, Andrea. You will need all the rest you can get," Giselle advised her companion.

"When I get finished with her," said Kay assuredly, "That will be one wildcat, who will have her fur ripped out."

## CHAPTER THREE

When the first beams of light filtered their way through the large stained glass windows of the castle, all of its occupants were still fast asleep. Even, Paula had finally managed to dose off, trussed up in the rubber bag, where the Countess had put her, as punishment for having lost the initial boxing match of the day to Andrea. Giselle had spent the rest of the night with her beloved Kay, and so the Countess, who had entertained her earlier in her bed, slept alone. And the two unfortunate girls, who had lost their way, only to be engulfed in the horrors of Castle De'Ath, slept the sleep of the exhausted in the same cages where they had been kept the night before.

The first one to arise was the Countess. Before doing anything else, she released Paula from the rubber bag where she had been imprisoned over night. It was not out of a sense of compassion, but rather necessity. She needed her maid's services, first of all, to assist her with her personal needs and secondly, to make ready for the program for the day.

She was determined to make the match between Andrea and Kay, the winners of the matches of the day before, as entertaining

as possible. For this, she had to draw upon her imagination. Fortunately, it always proved to be fertile, especially when it came to devising new ways to satiate her sadistic pleasures.

Paula drew the shower for her mistress and stood by, as she slipped out of her nightgown, to step into it. The Countess smiled, as she turned to observe the covetous glances that the young woman cast upon her nude body. "Is it necessary that you always stand there and stare, whenever I undress?" asked the Countess.

"No, Ma'm, I'm sorry Ma'm," replied the flustered girl, as she clumsily tried to turn away, but nevertheless, remained glued to where she was standing.

The Countess stepped into the shower, where she remained several minutes. When she came out, the young woman was still standing exactly where she had been when she went in. However, she was holding a large, white Turkish towel, which she immediately wrapped upon the dripping wet, naked form of her mistress and began rubbing her dry. A thrill ran through the young woman's body as she rubbed the towel over her mistress' ample breasts, curved buttocks and thick haired pubic area, at which areas she lingered on, more than the rest of her body.

"I realize that you enjoy this part of

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your duties, more than any other, but you cannot suspend the rest of the day, Paula, rubbing my body dry."

"I'm sorry, Ma'm," the flustered girl answered, dropping the towel that had long since accomplished its drying purpose and getting the Countess' clothes, to help her on with them. She could not take her eyes off the beautiful woman, as she helped dress her.

It seemed that the Countess took a special delight in treating her maid cruelly. She knew that the young woman was in love with her and took advantage of that fact, to tease her, whenever the opportunity arose. She used her body to tantalize the young woman, whether by standing nude in front of her or by allowing her to dry her after a shower. And after thoroughly arousing Paula, whom she knew was intensely jealous of her, she would often submit her to the most dire of physical tortures, as where she had forced her to box with Andrea and then, stuffed her into a rubber bag, bound and gagged, to spend the night in such terrible circumstances. Once in a while, she would actually have sex with Paula, but she made her run an agonizing guantlet, for the rare privilege.

The Countess sat before the dressing mirror in her room, while Paula proceeded to comb out her long silky hair, which she enjoyed touching, almost as much as her body.

She left the room, and returned a few minutes later with the Countess' breakfast. After the Countess was finished, she gave her complete instructions for the third boxing match that would take place in the morning, this time between Andrea and Kay. The maid curtsied politely, and set out to do her mistress' bidding.

The next ones in the household to arise, were Giselle and Kay. Although there was supposedly no formal master-servant relationship between those two, as there was between the Countess and Paula, and they were supposed to be lovers, nevertheless, Kay happily performed the same duties that Paula did for the Countess, for Giselle. She drew her shower, dried her body when she came out of it and helped her to get dressed. Although Giselle completely dominated her lover, Kay, nevertheless, she did not subject her to the indignities that the Countess did, to Paula. She had not been pleased with the Countess' idea to have Kay fight Carol the day before and only had agreed because she wanted to please the Countess, so that she would be welcomed to her bedroom that evening. She was far from pleased that Kay would have to fight the aggressive Andrea this morning, but only went along with it, to remain on good terms with the Countess. She might have advised Kay to end the match quickly, by throwing it and pretending to be knocked out, but she was in fear of what punishment the Countess might impose upon her for losing. She did

not relish her beloved tossed into a bag, tied and gagged, to spend the night, as had been Paula's fate for losing, or even worse, as might please the Countess.

She was about ready to warn Kay to be very careful and to use any dirty tactic necessary to win, since there were no holds barred, when Paula knocked on their door. They let the maid in, who announced that Kay would have to come with her, to get ready for the bout.

The last to arise, were Andrea and Kay. Of course, they were not shocked at finding themselves again occupying the cages suspended high from the ceiling. Neither girl remembered being put in them this last night, just as they had not remembered being enclosed there the first night, when the Countess had drugged their drinks.

Their bodies were covered with the bruises and welts from the merciless whippings that each had taken the night before and the pain throbbed throughout their bodies. Their breasts, particularly felt as though they were afire.

"We've got to find a way to get out of here before that insane woman kills or cripples us," Carol said to her friend.

"We will," answered Andrea. "Meanwhile, you've got to keep up your courage. She can't keep us here, forever."



"What I am afraid of," replied Carol, "Is that she is going to try."

Their conversation was interrupted abruptly, as the clanging of chain indicated that the cage in which Andrea was enclosed was being lowered. Carol watched apprehensively, her lovely features reflecting her fear.

Paula opened the cage door, when it reached bottom, and the nude Andrea crawled out. Paula glared at her with hate. "You will come with me to make ready for the next match. If you give us any more trouble, we will kill your little playmate up there." She pointed to Carol, cowering on all fours, in her cage, looking down and trying to learn what was next on the program.

Andrea realized she had no choice, but to submit and therefore, passively went along with Paula.

When Paula returned in about ten minutes, both Andrea and Kay were with her. The Countess and Giselle had come into the room and were seated in front of the boxing ring, prepared to enjoy this next bout on their program. This one promised to be even more exciting than the first two.

The two adversaries were dressed in identical costumes, black leather half-bra, out of which overflowed most of their breasts, black leather panties and black boots. However, this time, instead of the

girls being propelled under their own power, they wore roller skates. Neither of them were expertise in their management and kept groping for balance, often seeming ready to fall, but avoiding it at the last moment. Like the day before, one arm of each girl was immobilized behind her, so that each was left to fight one handed.

Paula helped each one into the ring, quite happy that she had not been called upon this day to be a contestant in this match, that brought into play new dangers. The horror stricken Carol looked down upon this new game, squatting on all fours in her cage above.

The Countess looked at Giselle and smiled, as if flaunting her ingenuity. The smile of Giselle, in return, was a nervous one, aware of how easy it would be for Kay to fall and possibly break a leg or worse.

"We are going to enjoy our own private roller derby," the Countess announced, when both girls were in the ring. "Just like yesterday, there will be three minute rounds, signalled by a bell at the beginning and close and two minute rest periods. The fight will end only when one of the participants is knocked out. There will be no rules and no holds barred. Anything goes. The winner will be suitably rewarded and the loser appropriately punished. You will begin fighting when the bell rings."

The bell marked the beginning of the first round. Both girls began skating around the ring, trying to improve their mastery over the skates and at the same time, circled each other for a strategic advantage. This went on for more than a minute, as each eyed the other ferociously, searching for the most remote of openings. Andrea was taller and more willowy than Kay, who, however, was more husky and solid than her opponent. She decided to take advantage of this compactness and went skating head-on into the bewildered Andrea, who could not get out of the way of the impact to come and went sprawling backwards, hitting the ring on her back with a resounding thud. Meanwhile, Kay had kept her balance and kept skating around the ring.

Andrea had hit the ring so hard, that it was a miracle that she had not broken her back. However, she was momentarily dazed and opened her eyes, only when hearing Carol scream from over head, "Watch out, Andrea."

Since no holds were barred, Kay had decided to end the match this very first round, by using her skate to kick out her opponent's teeth. She skated up to the prone body of Andrea, took dead aim and kicked for her teeth. Only the cry of Carol alerted her to the danger and at the last moment, she rolled out of range, which caused Kay to lose her balance, go flying

into the air, and herself come down on her back on the ring, with a smilar thump that had dazed Andrea.

Now, it was Andrea's turn to take advantage of her opponent's mishap. She was too off balance to get to her feet. Instead, she quickly rolled her body over to where her opponent was lying, still dazed. In a split second, she was astraddle her and had her hand around the girl's neck, to strangle her. Giselle jumped to her feet to run into the ring, to prevent Adrea from killing her companion, but the iron grip of the Countess seized her wrist and dragged her back to her seat. "But, she will kill her," screamed Giselle.

"Then, she will kill her," retorted the Countess. "You will not interfere. The rules are no holds barred."

Just as Carol's scream had alerted Andrea, the fingers of Andrea around Kay's throat snapped her back into alertness. Fortunately, it was not an easy matter to strangle her, with only one hand, which gave Kay time to retaliate. She grabbed at Andrea's long blonde hair and pulled so hard that tears welled in her opponent's eyes. At the same time, Andrea's grip around her throat slackened, as she then released it completely, to try to use her hand to get Kay to let go of her hair. But it was no use. Kay was too strong for her and she felt that in a few moments

her hair would be ripped out of her scalp and in Kay's triumphant hand.

Andrea reached down and yanked off the black leather half bra of her opponent, which she flung across the room. Then, she grabbed a tit and squeezed and twisted it so hard, that Kay's screams bounced from wall to wall. It accomplished its purpose. Kay relaxed her grip on Andrea's hair and wildly screamed, "Let me go, you crazy bitch! You are tearing my tit out." But, she could not dislodge Andrea's grip that tightened and twisted at the same time.

Only the sound of the bell saved Kay, whose strategy had badly backfired on her. The two girls broke cleanly, with each one going back to her corner. Kay rubbed her breast that was burning with pain from the punishment that Andrea had inflicted upon it, and although at the beginning, Kay had enjoyed the advantage, the round ended decisively in Andrea's favor.

The two minute rest period passed too quickly for each girl. They could have used a great deal more time for the ordeal they had been through. This was turning out to be the best cat fight of them all and the Countess sat back, pleased with her efforts as a matchmaker.

The bell then sounded for the second round. Both girls came out to the center, ready to do battle again. The cautiously

circled each other, Andrea glaring at the frightened Kay, who was now stripped to the waist. She instinctively brought her hand up to protect her sore breast, but then dropped it to fighting position. Andrea grew more beld, as she skated around, sniping with her free hand at her opponent's face and sore breast. She moved back and forth across the path of the cautious Kay, who was too frightened to make a decisive move, as she had in the first round when she charged head on into her adversary.

Andrea was coming closer and closer with her parries, growing more daring with her opponent's obvious loss of courage. Then, as she skated within inches of her opponent, prepared to throw a knockout punch at her, Kay suddenly pushed her foot into Andrea's path, sending Andrea sprawling head first to the canvass. A pool of blood beneath her face told that she had smashed her nose with full impact, on the fall.

The maneuver refueled Kay with courage, whose turn it was now to pounce upon her adversary. She pulled her by the hair, to yank her over and on her back. Duplicating Andrea's movement of the last round, she ripped off her bra and threw it across the room. Then, she buried her head in Andrea's breast, as she jumped atop her, and sucked it into her mouth, sinking her teeth into it, at the same time.

"Ay-y-y-y," screamed Andrea, "Get her off



me, before she bites off my tit!" But, at the same time, she reached for Kay's black leather panties and ripped them off, grabbing for the pubic hairs closest to her cunt.

It was Kay's turn to scream, as she released her biting grip on Andrea's breast. "Let go, you crazy bitch. Let go." She punched Andrea's nose, that sent a new stream of blood trickling down the nostrils, but could not get her to release her grip, as Kay kept screaming. All that saved her was the sound of the bell, announcing the end of the second round of this savage cat fight.

This was a two minute rest that each girl needed badly. But for her boots, Kay was completely ankled and Andrea was stripped to the waist. Had these opponents two hands to work with, one would have surely been dead by now. The blood from her nostrils had caked on Andrea's chin and the teeth marks of Kay had left their print in her breast. On the other hand, Kay could barely move. The ripping of her pubic hairs had exacerbated the soft flesh of her tender cunt area, so that she felt on fire between her legs.

The two minutes of rest passed too quickly for both girls and the bell again rang, announcing the beginning of the third round of this no-holds-barred fight. Two fascinated spectators were the Countess and



Paula. Two frightened ones were Carol and Giselle.

This round, the girls kept skating past each other, searching for an opening that would end this wild contest. Both were exhausted and searched for a quick key of the other. Andrea was the bolder of the two, but for some reason, the courage of Kay was refueled, as they kept moving about, skating wide around each other.

Suddenly, Andrea came charging toward Kay, who did not have the time to get out of the way. Their shoulders came crashing together, but neither girl was knocked off her feet. Each regained her poise and resumed sizing up the other, still searching for that haymaking opportunity.

Now, it was Kay's turn to try to take advantage of her superior weight. She skated headon into Andrea, their bodies crashing in mid-ring. Andrea went flying backwards, but bounced off the ring, with no advantage to Kay for her efforts, as Andrea remained on her feet and skated out of range of her opponent, who made ready for another attack. But the elusive Andrea managed to stay out of range.

And when the bell rang to end the third round, for the first time, both adversaries were on their feet. With the decrease in violent interplay, the smile of the Countess withered.

The bell rang to start the fourth round. Again both girls came skating into the middle of the ring. They sized each other up and back away. They skated around each other, without making any moves, until Kay began the tactics she had used on Carol in their match of the day before. She began tantalizing Andrea by slapping at her breasts and face and then, skating out of range before Andrea could retaliate.

This teasing went on for a full minute. By now, Andrea was enraged. She suddenly skated back as far as she could go, faced Kay and then, full speed, started skating toward her. They collided headon, with such impact that it sounded like a building hit with a bomb. Both girls dropped to the canvass. Although Andrea had succeeded in knocking the wind out of her opponent, it was at the cost of the same happening to her. Each girl lay there in an amorphous heap, as the spectators waited for one of them to get up.

At least thirty seconds passed until there was movement. The bodies being intertwined, it was difficult to tell, at first, who was getting up. But the movement of blonde hair told that it was Andrea. The still lifeless form of Kay, told that the victory belonged to Andrea, who managed to remain on her feet, albeit, weakly.

Giselle jumped into the ring and cradled

her friend in her arms. When she finally showed signs of returning to consciousness, she stripped off her black leather boots and skates, leaving Kay completely naked. Giselle turned to Andrea. "I'll fix you for this, Bitch. I promise you."

However, the Countess interjected. "Giselle, that is very poor sportsmanship on your part. Andrea won fair and clean. However, in view of the challenge that you have thrown out, tomorrow will be your turn to fight Andrea." Now, she turned to Andrea. "You have won this match, fair and square and therefore, you are entitled to your reward, which will be, that you may spend this night with me in my bed." She then turned to Kay. "Kay, your penalty for losing will be to spend the night with Carol, who might have some lessons to teach you in reciprocation for the ones you taught her last night." She then turned back to Giselle. "To make certain that you do not interfere with the prizes I have just announced, you, Giselle, will spend the night, tied and gagged in the rubber bag where Paula slept last night."

Giselle protested. "Countess, that is not fair . . . ."

The Countess interjected, before she could finish. "I said nothing about anything being fair. I just announced how the rewards will be distributed. I am certain that you are aware that my decision is not appealable."

The exhausted Andrea slumped into a chair. The Countess turned toward Paula. "Paula, you will attend Andrea and get her ready for our date, tonight. You will serve her, exactly as you do, me."

Paula's turn now came to protest. The young woman was angry and jealous that Andrea would spend the night with her mistress and what is worse, that a public announcement of the arrangement was made. "But, Countess . . . ." she pleaded.

She, too, did not get to finish a sentence. "I have spoken," interjected the Countess, who, now, was leading Giselle out of the room, to get ready to put her up in her bed for the night, & rubber bag.

not using Paula to test her.

"I have my reasons," said Paula, dryly.

Andrea thought for a moment and then smiled.

"I think I know what they are," she said.

"All right, I'll take a chance."

"Tonight at midnight," she said, "I'll come here for you."

"What about the Countess?" asked Andrea.

"Leave that up to me," replied Paula.

"And Carol?" asked Andrea.

"She will escape with you," said Paula.

"You've got a deal," answered Andrea.

End of Part II

Part III of this tale  
can only be obtained  
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